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"Où sont les Nièges d'Antan?"

—VILLON

Time led him forth at early morn.
"Poet," he said, "my years are long.
"I promised men when thou wert born
"To make them merry with thy song.

"Here have I hoarded up for thee
"The sweetness of the silent years.
"Go, spendthrift, scatter it for me,
"And lure my people from their tears."

"Ho! Father Time, thy voice is cracked.
"From thee yon frightéd Pleasure flies.
"I'll leave no path of her's untracked.
"Say Time, hast ever seen her eyes?"

But when the joys of Youth were fled
Like winter when the south winds blow,
"O Father Time," the poet said,
"What hast thou done with last year's snow?"

I know not how Time answered then.
The centuries lie far apart.
Still cometh from the lips of men
That question of the poet's heart.

O Love! for us the seasons pass.
The rosy summer in her play
Scarce left a footprint on the grass.
And stars of winter fade away.

But where they fall shall blossoms rise,
  Wakened by snowflakes in their flight,
Till silver stars, beneath our eyes,
  Change into stars of blue and white.

O violet of modest grace,
  O rose of love that blushest red,
I would not spare you from your place
  For all the glory that is fled.

Robert Jermain Cole

The Serf

COUNT Emeric Frangépan still lives in ballad and story as one of the greatest huntsmen and most savage lords of Transylvania—indeed of all Christendom. On his remote estates, in the heart of the Carpathians, he dwelt apart from the world, absolutely alone save for the menials of his household and the serfs who tilled the soil. Thus, freed from all the ordinary restraints of civilization, he lived a life of unparalleled freedom. His days he devoted to hunting and his nights to feasting, carousing and the Lord knows what else besides. The vast wilderness about him swarmed with game of every sort, from the fox and the hare to the great wild boar. Yet in the hunting of one animal only did Count Emeric take supreme delight, and that was the wolf. This beast he would track all day long, and deem himself happy could he bring it to bay and despatch it ere nightfall. So great was his passion for hunting wolves that he even made game-laws to protect these common enemies of mankind from all hands but his own. A famished wolf might descend upon the mud-hut vil-

lages of the serfs unharmed and carry off their children; but woe to him who dared raise a hand against the brute; for him there was mutilation or death. Even in the chase, though Count Emeric hunted with a score of retainers at his back, none but himself might give the quarry the death-blow. Once a young serf, in the days when Frangépan himself was young, lost his head in the heat of the combat, and gave the final stroke with his spear. He was flayed alive. Yet his brother Gabriel, thirty years after, still hunted with Count Emeric; he was a serf, and what else could he do? How could he avenge his brother's death? Whatever hatred and resentment he felt he hid so well that first Count Emeric thought Gabriel had forgotten the matter entirely, and then proceeded to forget it speedily himself.

Such was Count Emeric Frangépan. With his mania for wolves and his own wolfish nature, it is no wonder that men called him the "Wolf-lord." But there were still other reasons that made this name appropriate. His features were as nearly wolfish as they might be and still remain human. Strange stories connected him with the race he forever hunted. Some said that his mother was a swan-maiden, the daughter of a were-wolf; others repeated that the Old Frangépan, Count Emeric's father, had gone into the wilderness like Nebuchadnezzar and had taken on the nature of the wolves with whom he had consorted. And all believed that Count Emeric could take on the form of a wolf at will, and that he hunted the wolf because every carcass gave him a new form in which he could roam abroad at night. What credence may be given to these tales I know not, nor am I concerned with their truth. My only object is to chronicle as I have heard it the death of this wild huntsman, Count Frangépan. For, like all things, the career of the Count was brought to an end at length, and this is the way of it:

One fine morning when the Count, according to his custom, had heard mass in his chapel—for he was a most devout man in the forms of religion—he mounted his great black with a muttered prayer to St. Hubert for the success of the chase, wound his horn and, followed by his household, clattered out of his courtyard for the last time. All day long he followed a strong scent deep into the forest, but try as he might, he could not run down the quarry. The pack ran well, but with all his hallooing he could not get the hounds on the heels of the wolf ahead. So swiftly had Count Emeric ridden in pursuit that he had somewhat outdistanced all of his attendants, save one, a giant called Red Andrew, from the thick mass of coarse red hair that fell to his shoulders. He bestrode a roan almost as tall, long-limbed and bony as the Count's own black, and throughout the chase kept close to his master's side. Together they plunged on into the forest, crashing through underbrush, turning sharp corners, where great oak arms stretched forth to beat out the brains of the unwary, across brooks swift of stream and with shelving banks hard for the horses to clamber up, and breasting steep ascents until their steeds were panting and trembling for sheer weariness. At length as the day wore they began to overtake the chase.

The scent grew stronger and stronger, and the hounds became more and more eager as they drew close to their prey. At times they bayed with excitement. Then at the far end of a long alley the huntsmen saw a fleeting streak of gray. A few moments more, and another forest street opened before them and showed them the pack close on the heels of the wolf and swiftly closing in. Again they lost sight of the chase, and again they got a glimpse, this time of a struggling mass that still sped onward with a turmoil of snarls, of howls and of baying. A hound, wounded and bleeding, dropped out of

the pack and lay writhing in its tracks. Red Andrew thrust at it with his spear and put it out of its misery. Once more the pack and the wolf vanished; suddenly the two horsemen dashed out into an open; then pulled their horses violently back upon their haunches. For there right in front of them, in a bit of rocky ground, the hounds had brought the wolf to bay. There the beasts struggled in a mass. The wolf snapped at her tormentors with her steel-trap jaws, and the hounds clung with their fangs to her sides and back.

Count Emeric threw himself from his horse. He always made it a point to fight on foot with sword alone. With drawn hanger, he advanced towards the wolf; Red Andrew kept close behind. The Count, watching his opportunity, thrust in over the head of a hound that clung to the wolf's breast. The wound served but to enrage the beast. Gathering up all her energy for a supreme effort, she flung off the pack and rushed at her new assailant. Count Emeric stepped back quickly for a second thrust, tripped over a rock and fell. In an instant the wolf would have been upon the Count and torn out his life with her ugly teeth, had not Red Andrew, unarmed, save for a sheathed knife in his girdle, thrown himself upon the back of the wolf and brought her to the ground, his great hands grappling the creature's neck. If the beast had not been spent with running and with wounds it would have fared ill with the Count's preserver. As it was, it needed all the serf's brute strength to keep the wolf's teeth from his head and throat. With her claws she tore his clothes to rags and ripped up his flesh in deep gashes; but Red Andrew never lost his hold.

Count Emeric arose uninjured from the ground and picked up the hanger which had fallen from his hand. Instead now of rushing in to aid the man who had just saved his life, he simply stood by and watched the terrible combat, as if two

beasts had been pitted together for his pleasure. To him they were both equally brutes: one was a wolf; the other a superior breed of hound, one of his human pack. As the Count stood there eagerly watching the battle, the attendants rushed out of the forest into the open. They saw their master standing there, and they saw the struggling mass of wolf and man. They saw Red Andrew's shaggy mane of red mixing with the beast's gray hide. Swiftly they dismounted and rushed with sword and spear to save their fellow-serf. The Count turned for an instant and waived them off with a scowl full of menace on his wolf-face. Dulled as these serfs were with degradation and servitude, they felt a sudden fierce hatred of that man who made Red Andrew's life his toy. Still, the habit of obedience was strong upon them, and they did naught but stand sullenly about and watch Red Andrew sway back and forth over that great gray beast. The fingers that held crossbow, spear and sword itched to give the stroke that would stretch the creature on the earth—some, perhaps, to perform the same office for Count Emeric. For instance, there stood old Gabriel impassive, leaning on a boar-spear. Near him stood a lad who watched the struggle with the keenest excitement; once he whispered to the man:

"Why does he not use his knife, Gabriel? See, Andrew has her head beneath his knee; a stroke of the knife and all would be done."

Gabriel looked at him.

"He had better let the wolf mangle him as he lies there than touch him with his knife."

The boy understood. He remembered the story of Gabriel's brother, and shot a look of hatred at the Count. He was younger than the others, and his spirits were less broken.

But Red Andrew had almost won the fight. The wolf was panting heavily and snapping more feebly. Yet now for a

second the man's grasp weakened. Quick as thought the beast buried her fangs in his shoulder. With a roar of agony he clutched at his girdle, whipped out his knife and buried it in the wolf's breast. With a single convulsive jerk, the creature rolled over on the ground dead. Reeking with blood and feeble with his wounds, Red Andrew staggered to his feet and, shame-faced, turned to Count Emeric. He had killed the wolf, given it the final coup. Now he must settle with the wolf-lord. The serfs glanced at their master and believed they saw in him no longer a man, but a beast like that which lay there dead, so did a terrible and sudden fury change his features. For an instant the Count stood rigid ; his hand tightened on his sword-hilt. Then he flew at the serf with a strange beast-like cry. Gabriel and some of the rest had heard that sound before. Red Andrew escaped the thrust of the Count's sword, and snatching the weapon from his hand flung it far overhead, then burst through the circle of his fellows, on into the darkening forest.

"After him, you dogs ; after him, you hounds !" shrieked the Count, as unarmed and frenzied he rushed into the forest where Red Andrew had disappeared. Instinctively the serfs obeyed and followed at his heels. But it was not merely instinct that was at work here, as they entered the forest. Old Gabriel was whispering to his fellows, even as they ran : "Vengeance on the were-wolf !" he cried ; "vengeance for Red Andrew, vengeance for my brother ! As ye are men do as I do." He looked about at the faces of his friends and saw approval and a new ferocious lust for killing. Just then they came upon a forest track, which stretched away lofty and gloomy as a cathedral nave; in the waning light Count Emeric was plunging on ahead. Gabriel drew back behind a giant oak. In a second the whole band had found like concealment.

Count Emeric rushed on through the forest that was now filled with the twilight and full of strange twilight shapes and shadows. Suddenly the hidden serfs saw him stop there, as if amazed at the silence; they saw him gaze about fearfully into the forest depths. A spell seemed to be creeping over him ; his hand trembled as he raised his hunting horn to his lips. Then the lad among the serfs raised a cross-bow ; old Gabriel took it from his hands :

"It is my place; this for my brother and for Red Andrew." And he loosed a bolt at Count Emeric. The blast was never sounded, for ere he had gathered the wind in his lungs, Count Emeric Frangépan fell dead.

Then the serfs were frightened at what had been done all save Gabriel. The rest felt the spell of the dusky forest full on them and they ran like stricken creatures from the woods. When they reached the open, daylight had faded away entirely, and the moon was rising and flooding the spot with its pale, cool light. The serfs—serfs no longer, for who was now their master?—then discovered the strangest thing that had befallen in all that day. Where the carcass of the wolf had fallen there was naught but grass sodden with blood; the hounds were eagerly sniffing at the spot. At the edge of the woods two other hounds were whining and behaving as they had come upon a new scent. The men, wondering and frightened, called off the dogs and set out for home.

When the serfs reached the castle in the morning and told of those things which had befallen them on the day before, all the old weird stories of the Count's connections with the wolfish race were revived, and used to explain the mysterious disappearance of the dead wolf from the open spot in the forest. It was affirmed and believed by all, that the Count's spirit freed from his body, had taken up its abode in the she-

wolf's carcass. However this may be, it is nevertheless a fact that thereafter for many nights a great gray wolf visited the village of the serfs and the environs of the late Count's castle. Those of the serfs who saw the beast and who had ridden on that fateful hunt, swore that it was the very same with which Red Andrew had struggled for the mastery. Red Andrew himself never returned; he probably died of his wounds in the forest. Old Gabriel, who went in search of him, as he said, likewise disappeared forever. It is believed that he fell a victim to the were-wolf, and since then no one has dared to visit that region where Count Emeric Frangépan ended his last hunt.

W. A. B.

The Penalty

SHE:
"Brigand! art my kisses thieving?"

HE:
"Sweet! I'll give them back to thee."

SHE:
"Thief! how punish thy deceiving?"

HE:
"In thine arms imprison me."

H. G. Alsberg

Sonnet

Go, gallant sons ! Columbia bids you go.
The voices of thy dead across the sea,
From yonder, tortured isle, cry out to thee ;
The voices of a hundred years of woe ;
The hordes of starving thousands here below ;
With outstretched prayerful hands put forth the plea ;
The Old World bound by ancient jealousy
Calls to the New to quell the common foe.
Mother of Tortures, now at last the hand,
Destined before the world to crown thy shame,
Is raised in mighty strength at God's command
Thy cruel unbridled tyranny to tame ;
Is raised to sweep from off our western strand,
The curséd, blood-stained, stigma of thy name.

H. M. B.

Comments

THE shadow of war, which at first appeared to hover only over the offices of the sensational journals, has now become so dark and threatening that it behooves us all to consider very seriously what should be our course of action if war with Spain were declared. Some of us have already made our decision and have enlisted. The Morningside would be the last to criticise these men, for, necessary or unnecessary, their stand is a brave and manly one. We do think, however, that their action is not necessarily a wise one to follow.

It must be remembered that although a war would monopolize the first pages of newspapers, it would use up but a comparatively small part of the energy of the country. All her other interests have to be carried on, and men who are directly connected with any of those interests ought to think twice before breaking away from them. In any large country like our own there is always a good number of men who have no definite place in the body social who, technically, are "out of a job," and there are many more, who, although they have a "job," are thoroughly dissatisfied with it. Now, we have a definite place in the community, as college students, and a definite end before us, to get our degrees (and there is no reason why we ought to be in any way dissatisfied with our position). Therefore, it seems to the Morningside that at present our duty lies in attending to our affairs and waiting to see whether in the event of war there are among the unemployed and the dissatisfied as many men who would offer themselves as the Government needs.

Our readers must not think, because of the stand we take on this matter, that we are unpatriotic and that we do not believe it to be the first duty of a college man, as of every other citizen, to sacrifice all things for the safety of his country.

But the war that at present seems imminent will be, for the United States, a war of invasion and of aggressive action. It will be in all probability waged in Cuba and on the high seas by the United States against Spain, in defense, not of our own territories, but of Cuba. If, in the course of events, however, this country should, in turn, be threatened with foreign invasion, the Morningside would be the very first to call upon all Columbia men to throw down their books and to take up arms for the national defense.

Those believing in immediate enlistment, however, may answer, "This may be all very true, but if we wait until it is clear that there is need for us, when that need comes we shall not have had the training that would have made us of any use to our country." This, we admit, at first seemed to us a very strong argument in favor of prompt action. A statement of Commander Stayton, however, in his address at the late mass meeting, put the matter in a new light, and has had much to do with making us take our present stand. This statement was to the effect that such college men as enlisted in the navy (and it is there, naturally, that men would be most needed in a war with Spain) would in all probability be detailed for work on torpedo boats. He went on to say that in that branch of the service no long technical training was necessary, that an intelligent man could be taught all that he had to know in a very few days; that the need was for men who would be willing to run a very great risk of sudden death, and who would be able to do their work steadily and effectually while running that risk. This, it seems to us, may be taken to mean that there is always a chance for intelligent men with plenty of the best kind of sand—and that is what college students are, or should be—to step in when there is a need for them, and to render, almost immediately, an effective service to their country. It is only because this course is always open that we advise Columbia men not to enlist immediately.

An Incident of a Retreat

ALONG the road, from the direction of the south, drifted the roar of the tramping of horses and men. Some squads of keen-eyed soldiers, clad in tattered gray, hurried watchfully past. Soon, with a clinking of sabres, a group of officers on wiry chargers clattered by amidst clouds of blinding dust; behind them pranced a long line of cavalry, followed by plunging artillery; and still farther back, winding along the road for many a mile, tramped the stern ranks of infantry.

This was part of Bragg's Confederate Army, under General Hoke, which, after the capture of Fort Fisher, in January, 1865, began that stubborn retreat up along the Cape Fear River toward Wilmington and eventually toward Richmond. For by this time, in spite of the sagacity of their generals and the dashing valor of their men, all the Confederate troops were gradually being forced back toward their capital.

When the army was still a few miles distant from Wilmington, in the twilight of the February afternoon, a young lieutenant of a certain North Carolina regiment hastened up to his colonel riding at the head of the men. There was that in his face and in his manner which betrayed a gentlemanly nature and fine breeding—a fact which even his ragged, faded uniform, his nondescript cap and his much perforated boots could not disguise. As he hurried along he seemed to be very happy for he hummed an old Southern love melody, and, from time to time, smiled unconsciously to himself. As soon as the customary salutes had been exchanged, the colonel entered into earnest conversation with him. "In Wilmington," said the grim, old soldier, in his harsh, rough voice, "there are still some able-bodied men who have not joined the army. All, or most of them, are known or suspected to be, at heart, Yankees. I have orders to seize them and com-

pel them to join the army—or have them shot. Here is a list of them. Guards will be posted about their houses as soon as our column reaches the city, so that they cannot escape ; and I want you, Lieutenant Darlington, to take men and search the house of each of them, and, if you can find them, to bring them to me."

The lieutenant took the list and glanced over it. It was very short, some ten or a dozen names. As he read the last one he paled and trembled visibly. He seemed stunned. "Colonel," he finally stammered, nervously, "I—er—would it be possible for some one else to execute this order?"

"Sir," shouted the irritable colonel, "do you mean to question my order? Are you afraid to trouble a few cowardly Yankees? Are——"

"But, sir——" expostulated the young man.

"No explanations!" roared the colonel. "Am I in command here or not? The first duty of a soldier, sir——"

"Very well, sir," broke in the lieutenant, "I will do it," and saluted and turned to rejoin his company. As he went he thought over the miserable dilemma which now confronted him.

Somewhat over three years before, he had left his home in Wilmington to fight for his State in the Confederate Army. For some time previous to that he had been paying his attentions to a certain Miss Grace Freeman, the daughter of a near neighbor of the Darlingtons in Wilmington. Indeed, so much had their friendship deepened, before he left for his campaigns, though in regard to what might befall him in the chances of war her father would permit no formal engagement, still the young lovers had a clear understanding between them. Her father, John Freeman, was that most unfortunate of beings during the Civil War—a man whose home was in the South, but whose heart in the

North. All his family were New Yorkers, but having seen a most favorable business opening which could be realized by moving to Wilmington, N. C., he did not hesitate to emigrate thither, taking with him his wife and daughter. His son, Leonard, stayed at college in the North and was now captain in Troop ——, New York Cavalry. When the war broke out Freeman was drafted in the Confederate Army, but avoided enlistment by sending a substitute. The substitute was killed and another met with the same fate. If he was drafted a third time no substitute would be accepted. And what caused Lieutenant Tom Darlington, who had been kept informed by Grace's letters of the affairs of the Freeman family, to tremble and grow pale on the perusal of the colonel's list; what had changed the feeling of joy and elation in every step of his approach to the city and *her* to the consciousness that only a bitterly distasteful duty awaited him on his arrival there, was the fact that the last name on the list was that of John Freeman.

A stern Yankee was John Freeman; a man who would not have hesitated to go to the North and shoulder a rifle in the ranks had he not, with many others, held the lingering hope all through that the war would be over "in a few months." But sooner than enlist in the Confederate Army he would have cut off his right hand, or even given up his life.

All this Tom thought over as he went along with his company. He recalled his parting with her the evening before he left. How tender she was and how trustful for the future. * * And now he was coming with force to arrest her father—to lead him to be shot! Here was a fine lover's return indeed! Still he must do it. He must nerve himself for the struggle. He must act coldly toward her. What if her heart was broken and her love for him was killed? He must do his duty, he must obey orders. Yes, his father's last

words when he left home were, "Always obey orders at any cost." And his father was an old soldier and had fought in the Mexican War.

* * * *

It was now two o'clock in the morning. From the Freeman mansion the City of Wilmington presented a weird appearance. Two blocks away the flames flickered and danced on the Cape Fear River which, from the ignition and spread of some fifteen thousand barrels of rosin had become a seething river of fire. Between the river and the house were seen, plunging through Front Street, a line of grotesque, moving figures, which, in the glare of the flames, cast huge, fantastic shadows on the buildings and grounds about. They were the Confederates retreating through Wilmington.

In a room in the second story of the house sat father, mother and daughter, gazing from the window at the strange sight and hearkening to the terrible bellowing of the flames from the river and the hoarse curses and shouts of the soldiers mingled with the deep rumble of the artillery wagons and the steady tramp, tramp of the men.

For a long time a guard of soldiers had been pacing up and down in front and in the rear of the house. Mr. Freeman had learned that all in the town suspected of being "Northerners" were to be captured and forced either to join the army or be punished, and he knew that if he was taken he would meet with no easy treatment, probably with the prospect of being shot in the end. So when the rhythmical tread of men was heard and a couple of squads of soldiers approached the house he hastened to the top of the house and climbed up into an old cupola, above a little-used store-room. As he went his daughter reminded him to mind his throat, in case of a search being made, for he had a short nervous cough which he was apt to give way to under stress of excitement. Mrs. Freeman retired to an inner room.

As those slaves that were still about the house were securely hidden, Grace answered the knock upon the door herself. As she opened it joy flushed to her face and the glad light leapt to her eyes. "Oh, Tom! Tom!" she cried, "I am so glad!" And she took a step forward and held out her hands.

Tom gave a hurried command to the soldiers outside and, stepping in, closed the door. He longed to take her dear hands and clasp her to him, but was afraid for his resolution. He kept muttering "duty, duty," fiercely to himself and glared at her so sternly that the poor girl dropped her arms beside her and the gladness faded from her face.

At last he broke the silence. "Grace—Miss Freeman," he said, "I have come on a very unpleasant duty. I have come to arrest your father. We have strong grounds for knowing that he is in this house. I shall request you to accompany me in my search."

The girl drew herself up proudly. "Certainly, Mr. Darlington," she replied, "I shall show you about the house, but I don't believe you will find my father here."

The man winced under the formal title. "God grant I don't find him," he murmured.

They went through the whole house in silence until at last they came to the store-room under the cupola. In the centre of this room were the ladder-like steps leading up to the cupola, and on one side was a large closet. Now, as Tom had passed through each room in his search he had felt all his determination, all his resolve to do what he felt to be his duty, melting away in the glance of that sweet, stern face by his side. He did not know how he could arrest her father with those eyes of hers looking upon him, perhaps flooded with tears. And she, on her part, had decided that if her father was found she would be perfectly calm, would not weep, or make any motion or cry of entreaty; no, she would

not let him—him who had now come with hostile force to wrench her father from her—see her womanly weakness and smile in his hard heart at her vain entreaties. But she also was not quite sure that she could carry out this programme of outward indifference and proud calmness.

And now nothing remained to be explored but the cupola above and the closet at the side of the room. Tom opened the closet door and peered in. It was empty. His resolution to do his duty, to take John Freeman, had slipped away entirely, and his one desire now was to avoid taking him. And he was afraid that in the cupola he would find whom he now did not wish to find. He thought it would be well if he could stop his search without going there.

There was a long pause. The roar of the troops, blended with the bellowing from the flames on the river, came dully to their ears. Indeed, it seemed, though they did not notice it, as if the sounds were dying away. At last he spoke. "The cupola—what is it used for?"

She started at the sound of his voice. "It was used as a store-room," she said, simply, "but of late it has not been occupied. I do not think you will find anything there."

But she just ceased speaking when there sounded down from the direction of the cupola a short, sharp cough. The man grasped his sword. For a long interval he stood still. Then, again, he summoned all his wavering resolution, and, not looking in the direction of the girl, stepped toward the ladder.

In an instant she stretched out her arms to him and cried, "Oh, Tom!——"

But suddenly the door was flung open, and a pistol flashed across the room. Next a man in a gray uniform was lying on his back across the floor, dead, with a girl bending over him, her arms flung about him, wildly calling his name; in

the doorway stood a tall man, with the captain's shoulder-straps of the United States army, and down the hatchway of the cupola peered the scared face of a man.

The unexpectedly quick arrival of the Union army had sent the Confederates whirling through Wilmington two hours before they purposed entirely to have left it, and Captain Leonard Freeman, U. S. A., had come home to see if all was well with his father.

H. A. K.

Poetic Pains

To H. M. B.

Near a stream a poet sat,
—Poets always sit near streams—
Knowing not where he was at,
For he dreamed poetic dreams.

On the alphabet he dwelt,
Adding "apture" to each letter,
Seeking rhymes for what he felt
Since the happy day he met her.

"Bapture, flapture, slapture, capture;
Ah, I've got it, this is it."
But he analyzed his rapture,
And alas! it didn't fit.

Pearly tears stood in his eyes
And he sighed three mournful times,
Murmuring between his sighs:
"Can't I feel something that rhymes?"

H. W. Z.

AVERY CLASSICS

Clippings

Triolet

Along a meadow wall with winding way
The reeling rill goes singing noisily.
It wanders mid the violets of May
Along the meadow wall with winding way.
And when the meadow land is chill and gray,
Still by the self-same path with careless glee,
Along a meadow wall with winding way
The reeling rill goes singing noisily.

Arthur F. Goodrich
In the Wesleyan Literary Monthly

"Then Smoke Away Till ——"

"Pipe," she says, "let smoking go!
Lay aside the filthy weed!"
Wonders why I whisper, "No,"
Though her blue eyes plead and plead.

If her lips to my lips could be
As frequent as thy lips to me,
Equal comfort I might find,
Equal zeal her prayers to bind
Like a fetter 'round my will,
Until then!—until!—until!—
Pipe! My source of comfort be,
Kiss my lips till her's kiss me!

H. R. R.
In the Trinity Tablet

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The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year of the college, during which year students in the college pursue their studies, with the consent of the college faculty, under one or more of the faculties of the university.

Each school is under the charge of its own Faculty, except that the Schools of Mines, Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture are under the charge of the Faculty of Applied Science. For the better conduct of the strictly university work, as well as of the whole institution, a university council has been established.

I. THE COLLEGE

The college offers a course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the college must be at least fifteen years of age, and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the annual Circular of Information.

II. THE UNIVERSITY

In a technical sense, the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science, taken together constitute the university. These faculties offer advanced courses of study and investigation, respectively, in (*a*) Private or Municipal Law, (*b*) Medicine, (*c*) Philosophy, Philology and Letters, (*d*) History, Economics and Public Law, (*e*) Mathematics and Natural Science, and (*f*) Applied Science. Courses of study under all of these faculties are open to members of the senior class in the college, and also to all students who have successfully pursued an equivalent course of undergraduate study to the close of the junior year. These courses lead, through the Bachelor's degree, to the university degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. The degree of Master of Laws is also conferred for advanced work in law done under the Faculties of Law and Political Science together.

III. THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

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3. The School of Mines, established in 1864, offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to a professional degree in mining engineering and in metallurgy.

4. The Schools of Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, set off from the School of Mines in 1896, offer respectively, courses of study, each of four years, leading to an appropriate professional degree, in analytical and applied chemistry; in civil, sanitary, electrical, and mechanical engineering; and in architecture.

5. Teachers College, founded in 1888 and chartered in 1889, was included in the university in 1898. It offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to the college diploma, for secondary, elementary, and kindergarten teachers. It also offers courses of two years, leading to a departmental diploma in Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art and Manual Training. Certain of its courses are accepted by Columbia University, and may be taken by students of the university in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, without extra charge.

SETH LOW, LL.D., *President*

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